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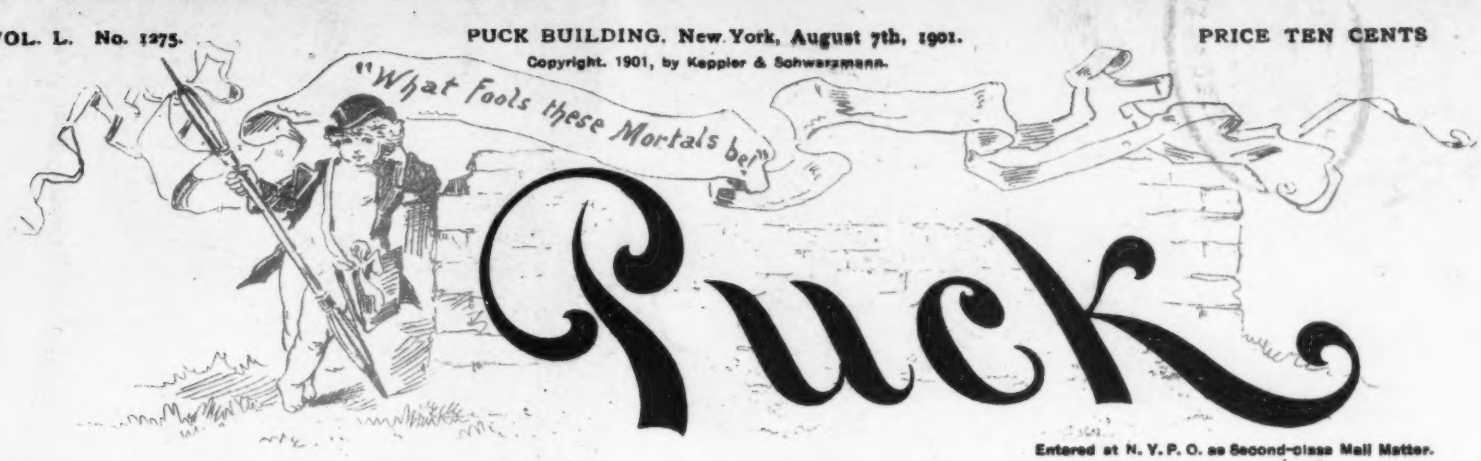

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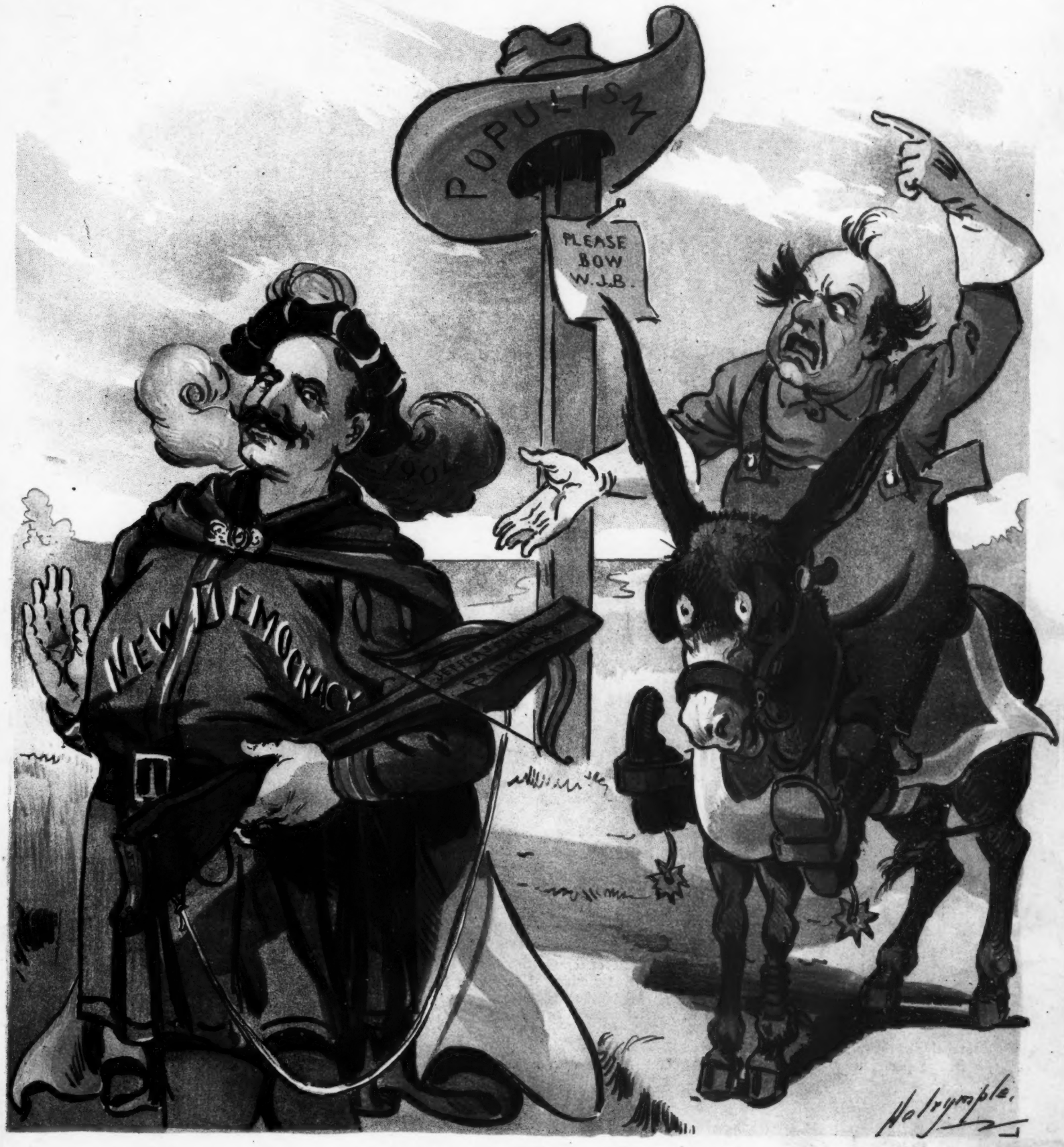
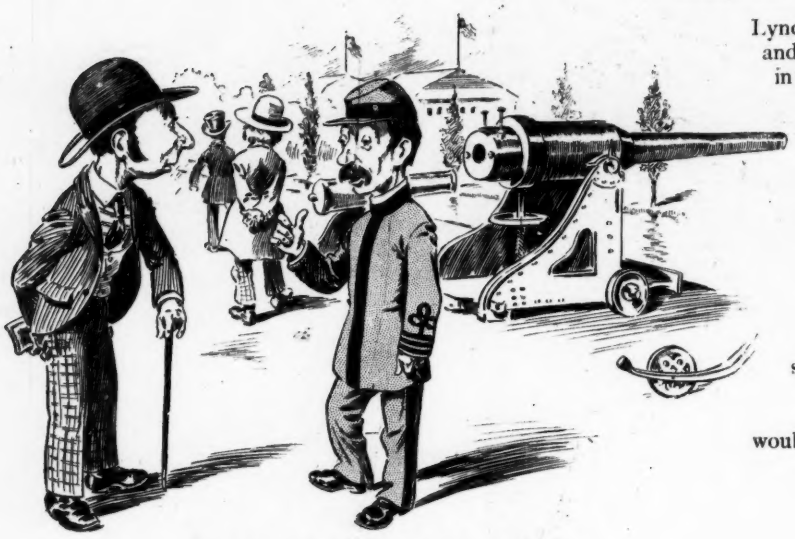


"NEVER AGAIN!"



AT THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION.

ATTENDANT.—One of these guns will throw a projectile sixteen miles.

MR. JONES.—H'm! I 've a good mind to buy one to get rid of our cat.

HIS IDEA OF IT.

"We will next have the pleasure, gentlemen," said Professor Spriggs, the teacher of the Polkville, Arkansas, school, addressing the members of the Board of Directors, who had gathered at the temple of learning on a certain Friday afternoon to see the pupils put through their educational paces, "of listening to an original composition on the subject of lynching, by Mr. Lafe Sogback."

Thus introduced, young Sogback, a spindle-necked, bulging-browed youth of fourteen, advanced and unbosomed himself as follows:

"Lynchin' is harmful, debasin' and expensive. It breaks the limbs of the trees, disturbs the little birds in their nests, and is a mighty abrupt way of makin' angels. Like other bad habits, it grows on the persons who indulge in it—that is, it grows on the parties that do the lynchin'. It is not elevatin', except to the feller that is lynched. To everybody else that takes part in it it is debasin'. They get a sort of cravin' or appetite, after awhile, that nothing but lynchin's will satisfy. I have known men to ride twenty-five or thirty miles to help lynch some feller that was n't even a distant relative of their'n; if he had fallen off'm a bluff and broke his back in two places they would n't have rid half so far to help him. Lynchin' is a very harmful amusement, and should not be indulged in except in moderation.

"Of course, the foregoin' remarks apply exclusively to white men. Lynchin' 'pears to be good for niggers; nothing else seems to fit 'em so well. This is all I know about lynchin'."

THE EXPLANATION.

"Papa likes a nice, quiet place."
"Indeed! Is that why you came here?"
"Oh, no! We came here because Mama likes a place where it 's lively."

WHAT HE WANTED.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I wish I was a great scientist.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Why?

FIRST CITIZEN.—I 'd like to devise some cooling drink that would n't make you hot afterwards.

QUESTIONABLE.

"One portion might be enough for two, sir."

"For two men it might be; but d' ye think it 'd be enough for a man an' a boy?"

WANTED TO TRY IT.

FARMER.—Yes; I work from daylight to dark.

CITY MAN.—You 're not much troubled with ennui, are you?

FARMER.—No. I 've heerd of the blamed thing, and sometimes I feel as if I 'd like to have a little of it for a change!

THE EVILS OF ECONOMY.

Of all the so-called virtues economy comes to us with the sourest visage. With its pruning hook of thrift it lops off the exuberant tendrils from the vine of life. It furrows our foreheads with the mental arithmetic of car-fare versus shoe-leather. It makes our fancy play the hypocrite in pretending that we prefer the cheap back seats at the human spectacle. It strangles generosity with a tape-measure and beats down kindly impulses with a yardstick.

But the mud flats of monotonous moderation make an unendurable landscape. Life must have its dash of scarlet and thread of gold. There is a reckless glee in extravagance that acts like a tonic on the spirit cowed by economy. It is the caper of the cart-horse relieved from the drudgery of the shafts.

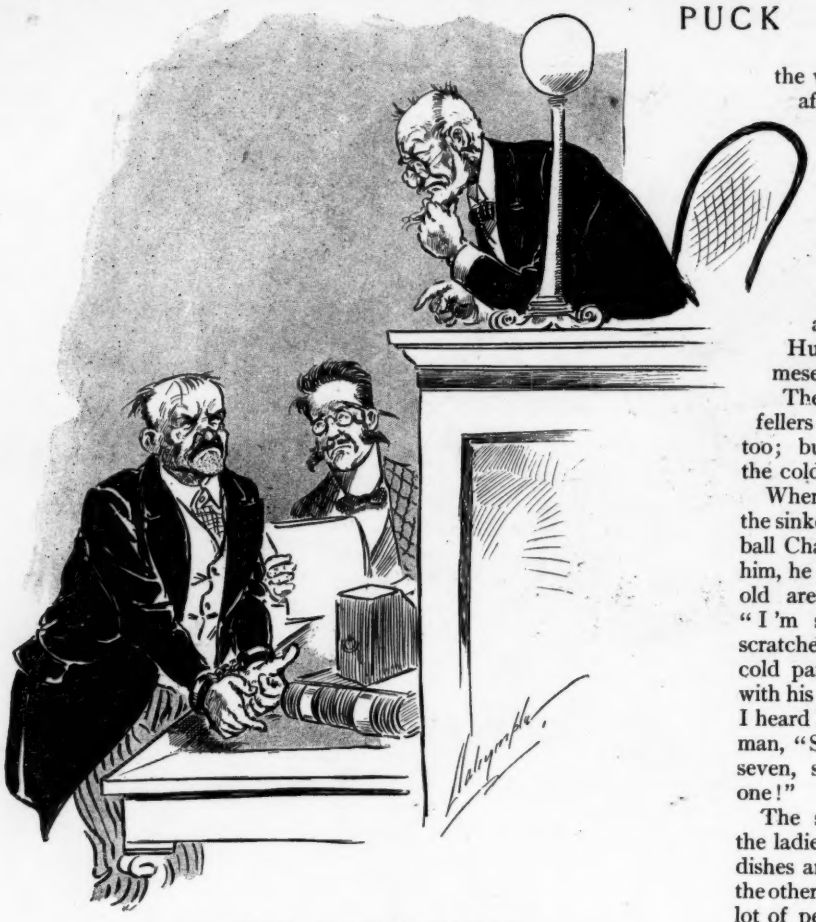
If some urge the discipline of self-denial, let them remember that it is the motive that makes an act meritorious. Present deprivation for future ease is but selfishness aforethought, and therefore all the more indefensible. Our highest duty to the future is not so much to save money for it as to provide it with recollections of a happy past. A pleasure experienced is a solid possession for all time. What will half-a-dollar more mean to us at forty compared to the joy of having gone to the circus at twelve? For the memory of a good time, like the little candle, throws its beams to quite an incalculable distance. We save the penny that will purchase pleasure; — what commodity of seeming necessity or sense is as safe an investment or can earn the same interest? It is like preferring Poor Richard's Almanac to the Rubaiyat.

Katharine Perry.

ANTICIPATION WORSE THAN REALIZATION.

FIRST AUTOMOBILE GIRL.—You don't seem much put out by your automobile breaking down.

SECOND AUTOMOBILE GIRL.—No; I am always so nervous expecting it to break down that I am actually relieved when it does!



A POOR REPRESENTATIVE.

JUDGE.—Are you represented by counsel?

PRISONER.—Well, dis here is me lawyer;—but I don't want yer ter t'ink he represents me any way but legally.

THE SHIRTWAIST GIRL.

SHE GETS A JOB IN A RESTAURANT AND GIVES HER IMPRESSIONS CONCERNING QUICK LUNCH AND OTHER THINGS IN LIFE.

HADDER job in a paper-box fact'ry but they laid a lot of us off two weeks ago last Chuesday and I wassent doin' nuthin' all that time. But Jerry Quinn, he 's ingaged to our Gert, he 's an omnibus in Kinney's Elite Resterant and he puts me next that there is a chanst there. What is an omnibus? Aw, g'wan! Don't you know what an omnibus is, honest? Why, an omnibus is them fellers in the resterants what gethers up the dishes and takes 'em in to the washers and then brings 'em out ag'in when they 're washed.

I had the lovliest hat you ever seen that I got Saturday before last in Dugganheimer's on Division Street—you know, the place that has a sign "Broadway Styles, Bowery Prices." The hat was a dandy "Newport Bon-ton" and I paid Mrs. Dugganheimer $1.98 fer it. She wanted three dollars.

What 's that got to do with me gettin' a job? Aw, chase yerself! I wus tellin' you how I put on me hat to go git the job. See? Well, I went down to that drum of Kinney's on Fulton Street and I gits the place.

You know Maggie Feely? She 's jest turrubul! She sees me talkin' to the manager and she says, "Don't you try to give Mr. Bradshaw the goo-goo, Emma Louise!" And then she started laffin; I laffed, too, but I was that mad that I could have give her a slap on the wrist.

"How old are you?" sez the manager. "I 'm sixteen," I sez; and he wrote it down in a book which he carried in his vest-pocket.

I started in to work right away. My! It was n't so hard. One feller sez to me, "I always put a nickel under me plate fer the waitress." And I looks at him a minnit and sez, "Ain't you afeerd yer heart 'll burst?" And he looks at me queer-like and puts the nickel back in his pocket.

Maggie Feely told me afterwirds that he was a spotter who went around to the beaneries and tried to git the girls to give him a ten or fifteen-cent check when he et forty cents'-worth, by tippin'. After he got you right, good and sure, he made the boss wise and you were blown away.

Huh! Like to see meself!

There was a lot of fellers tried to get gay, too; but I handed 'em the cold slaw.

When I went over to the sinkers man, "Dough-ball Charley" they called him, he sez to me: "How old are you?" I sed, "I 'm sixteen," and he scratches down on the cold part of the griddle with his cake turner. And I heard him tell the coffee man, "Sixteen. Make it seven, s i x t e e n, sixty-one!"

The scrub ladies and the ladies what wash the dishes and the cooks and the other girls and a whole lot of people, all ast how old I was.

Finally I went to Maggie Feeley and I ast why it was they all wanted to know my age, 'cause hardly enny of 'em had ast me name; and Maggie told me that they wanted to play the "new-girl gig" in policy, and my age being sixteen they made the three numbers by addin' the figgers of me age together first and then use it with me age right, and, as a last number, change

COMPARISON.

My love is like the red, red rose that fills
The flower stores to a rate extensive;
She 's pretty, sweet, and, as I foot the bills,
I realize she 's likewise as expensive!

BRIDGING THE INTERVAL.

"Well, it takes time for a man to learn to cook!"

"Of course it does. And, in the meantime, old man, I think I 'll become a vegetarian—and eat the vegetables raw!"

IRRELEVANT.

MAMA.—I 'm not quite sure at what age the average baby walks.
GRANDPA.—What 's the difference? This is no average baby.

---

the figgers around. So that made the "new-girl gig" in my case run 7—16—61.

The "new-girl gig" always won, they said, and they all put five cents apiece on it, and Doughball Charley ducked out to the poke shop, which was in a tobacco and cigar store next door, and played them numbers.

HE ATTRACTED ATTENTION.

HE.—An' did yo' say dat I 'tracted de 'tention ob Miss Snowflake?

SHE.—Oh, yes! She says she doan' understan' how yo' kin pay fo' de clothes.

Jerry Quinn sed he had touched a hunchback's hump during the rush while the humpy was waitin' in the ile fer a seat, and that them numbers was sure to come out.

"The way I did it," sed Jerry, "was to take a bunch of slops (that 's what they calls dirty dishes) in one hand and me table towel in the other and go past the humpy, hollering, 'One side, please!' and I give him a clout in the eye wit' the cloth and as he side steps I put me hand on the hump. That 's what you call a 'hunch to win," said Jerry, and he run around singing:

"Jerry Quinn
Is sure to win, Jerry Quinn
'll take the tin
As sure as sin!
Jerry Quinn! Jerry Quinn!
Jerry Quinn!"

But when the numbers come out 7—16—61 did n't show. Then they all jumped on me and said I had n't given me age right.

May be I did n't. You see, me mother goes over in Carmine Street every Sunday to see me Ant Lizzie and she ust to take me along, and when the conducters ast fer me fare she ust to put me age back so much when I was a kid that it 's got me mixed.

Gee! Jerry Quinn 's mad!

Roy L. McCardell.

HOT ENOUGH.

"I suppose, now that you 're married, you call her your better half?"
"Yes; that 's what I call her, but she does n't like it."
"Why, how 's that?"
"She wants to be the whole thing."

HIS SPECIALTY.

"But there 's one department of literature with which Inkslinger is thoroughly acquainted."

"What is that?"

"He 's read all the articles on how to live on a dollar a week."

AS CIVILIZATION advances, the question as to what becomes of the lost pins may be superseded by the question as to what becomes of the lost golf balls.

WANTED—TO TRADE.

TO TRADE: A city, all complete
With man and building, din and street,
For one tall forest, green and cool,
Supplied with quiet shade and pool.

To trade: A shop-worn desk and chair
Within an office ten feet square,
For one canoe upon a stream
Where wood-nymphs smile, and fishes gleam.

To trade: Twelve hurdy-gurdy tunes
Collected Summer afternoons
For one breeze singing 'mid the pines
Of Nature and her chaste designs.

To trade: A flat encompased well
By pavement hot, and roof and bell,
For one small tent where all is still
Except the wind and whippoorwill.

To trade: A business in town
Which keeps a fellow buckled down,
For one vacation, far away,
With naught to do but loaf and play.

Edwin L. Sabin.

GRASPING.

"Grabber is a hard man to satisfy."

"That 's so! He 's the sort of a man who would want the biggest nugget in the Klondike."

NOT WORRYING HIM.

FRIEND.—Do you take any interest in Christian Science?

POLITICIAN.—Naw! There 's quite a few of them people, but they don't vote solid.

RAPID TRANSIT.

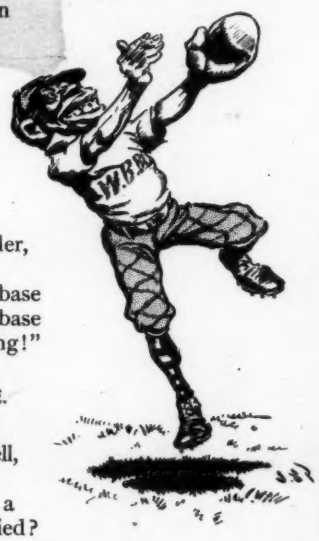
"Philadelphia slow?" said the railway magnate. "Why, we got our franchise grab through in the quickest time on record!"

LATE HOURS.

MRS. OWL.—Well, Mr. Owl, what have you to say for yourself? The idea of your daring to come home at *two o'clock in the afternoon!*

TOUCHY ON GOLF.

HORACE HOGAN *(the newsboy, tragically).*—It 's no use openin' de tricklin' taps uv remorse, Eloise Barrington D'Oyle,—tears will avail yer nit! Hereafter we won't meet even as strangers. Far wuz it frum me ter make a holler when I wuz keepin' yer in chewin'-gum be lettin' yer work de genteel graft uv bridge whist; an' what did yer do in return? Tell around dat I did n't know the diff'rence between a brassie an' a mashie! Farewell, forever!



HIGH PRAISE.

"He 's a fust-class fielder, ain't he?"

"Yes; an' a fust-class base runner, too. He kin steal a base like as if it wuz a chicking!"

HIS NATURAL INFERENCE.

LITTLE WILLY.—Pa?

MR. HENNYPECK.—Well, my son?

LITTLE WILLY.—Is a bald eagle one that 's married?

HER OPINION.

THE CAPTAIN.—Why, yes, we can tell when a storm is approaching. There are weather prophets at sea.

THE PASSENGER.—I hope they are not so often at sea as those on land.

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

SELDUM FEDD.—Honestly, boss, I don' know where me next meal is comin' from—

CITIZEN *(gruffly).*—Neither do I! It is certainly not coming from me!

GLOOM-STEALERS.

All optimists put off their woe
Until to-morrow—as we know;—
But pessimists, to keep life gray,
Groan all to-morrow's groans to-day.

GENERAL ACTIVITY.

CHURCH MEMBER.—There are few people nowadays who observe the Sabbath as a day of rest.

WORLDLY FRIEND.—That 's right. Even the Puritans are busy trying to keep other folks quiet.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PRAYER VERSUS ACTION.

PRAYER, FROM all accounts, is still a factor of uncertain value in the promotion of rain. It has been pretty well tried in the West lately, often throughout an entire State, in response to a proclamation of the Governor. The results, where not actually negative, frequently indicated that the Deity may be capricious. A county in which rain had been earnestly prayed for has continued dry while rain storms skirted up to the edge and copiously showered the crops of surrounding unbelievers. Sometimes the slight was even more pointed. In one instance the church in which a prayer-service for rain had been held was struck by lightning the next day, while the accompanying rain was carried well outside the area for which it had been invoked. Possibly this is nothing more than playful discourtesy. On the other hand, it may be full of meaning. It may be intended to hint that, in seeking to affect the cosmic order, man should be more direct in his methods. It is said, for example, by those who have observed in the matter, that destruction of the forests was largely the cause of the recent drought. If this be true, to pray for rain, while continuing to cut down the trees that bring it, discloses an ingenuous but wholly impractical attitude. Artificial irrigation has long been preferred to prayer in many of the far Western states, and with results that attest its superiority. Nor does any irreverence seem to be implied in this choice. Rather we take it, are the methods adopted—the building of irrigating ditches and storage reservoirs, the sinking of artesian wells and the planting of trees—held to be a more intelligent form of prayer—a coöperation with laws that seem to be uniform rather than a special pleading that their uniformity be suspended. Perhaps the farmers of Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri also should get up off their knees and do something.

DESERVED "CONTEMPT."

THE CONNECTICUT JUDGE who undertook the other day to enjoin strikers from "persuading" or "arguing" with non-union workingmen must have been thoroughly frightened for the safety of the Republic. Nothing less than a panic can explain his deliverance. It is true that strikers often resort to violence after lawful persuasion has failed. But the penalties for such lawlessness are already provided for and they can not be made to include the extinction of natural rights. To say, as this Judge did, that a man shall not be free to speak his mind to another, even on the merits of a strike concerning which their opinions differ, and even though he seek to win the other to his own opinion, is to provoke a very general "contempt of court." At a time when the relations between Labor and Capital are strained, and when it is important that the rights of each should be kept plain, it is especially unfortunate that magistrates should forget themselves. If any Court presumes to enforce such a decision it is to be hoped that the labor unions will have the spirit to show for it, by word and act, that contempt which it merits and which the Constitution of the United States authorizes.

THE IGNORANT FOREIGNER.

THE QUALITY of citizenship made by our Courts comes now and then under suspicion. An Italian applying for his final papers of naturalization the other day revealed, in answer to a query of the Judge, his belief that Richard Croker makes the laws for the State of New York. Citizenship was thereupon denied him. But where one case of such ignorance is detected there must be many that escape detection. The replies to such questions are entirely parrot-like and may or may not accord with the real opinions of the applicant, if, indeed, he be enlightened enough to possess any. Suppose, for example, that the coach of the applicant in question had been more careful to acquaint him with the extent of Mr. Croker's jurisdiction. Suppose in answer to the query "Who makes the laws for the State of New York?" he had been able to rattle off glibly, "Thomas C. Platt outside the City of New York, and Richard Croker in the City." While the examining Judge would have been obliged to be convinced from this answer that the applicant was fit for citizenship, would it really have been any adequate assurance of his fitness? Would it have meant that he understood the extent and source of the power of these two rulers, or the condition of apathy which leads the people of this State to remain docile and open-handed under their despotism? We fear not. We are evidently letting in a lot of foreign riff-raff who know as little of the ways and whys of our local government as the average native-born citizen.

UNION "HELP."

AMONG the rules of the Chicago Working Ladies' Union, put out by President May Murphy, there is one rich in possibilities. Rule No. 4 provides that "Domestics shall be allowed such hours off on Mondays as will permit them to visit the bargain-counters of the stores on that day." At first this seems to lay up trouble. Monday has been wash-day as well as bargain-day. But may there not be latent reasons to justify a change in the domestic programme? What has hitherto caused much of the friction between mistress and maid has been the lack of spiritual contact. They were alien, and therefore, if not hostile, at least actively indifferent to each other at all points. As a consequence, consideration from either has always been wanting. Who shall say, now, if the bargain-counter may not be a point where the two raw humanities may actually touch and fuse? The bargain-hunting instinct is common to both. The announcement of "Record Breaking Reductions Just Before Inventory" produces identical effects in the servilest servant and the haughtiest mistress. Before the news that 150,000 yards of printed batiste are to be practically donated to the first comers on the morrow they become emotional twin-sisters. At reading of the tucked lawn waists (value $9.00) that will go for $2.63, they burn with the same fever. If, then, they can be brought together at the main aisle counter, to vie with each other in the chase and clutch, as woman to woman, will not each thrill to each in a new and superb democracy? At the pitiless slaughter of Swiss edging, will not the superior purchasing power of the mistress and the superior physical prowess of the maid induce a mutual respect so deep that thereafter no petty difference may wholly disaffect them? By all means, let the trial be had.

THE COURT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COMMENT.

"Matrimony likes contrasts, does n't it?"
"Yes; but I should think the contrasts would n't insist on simultaneous surf bathing."

ON THE EXCURSION.

MRS. RAFFERTY.—Whose little bye was it jist fell off the boat?
MRS. ROONEY.—Sure, nobody knows! Whin they fished him out he wuz so clean nobody could identify him!

APPROXIMATING HIS WEALTH.

SUNNY SOUTH.—I dreamt last night dat I wuz rich.
EVENING BREESE.—How much wuz yer wuth?
SUNNY SOUTH.—Oh! I must hev bin wuth millions—I know I wuz workin' like a horse, had dyspepsia and a young wife, and wuz in de U. S. Senate.

INFORMATION FOR HIM.

"Surely, you did not consider my affection merely Platonic?"
"Well, I hoped it was—for your sake!"

ANGELINE.—
o' dat hot one?
PENELOPE.—
to live no longer.

PUCK'S

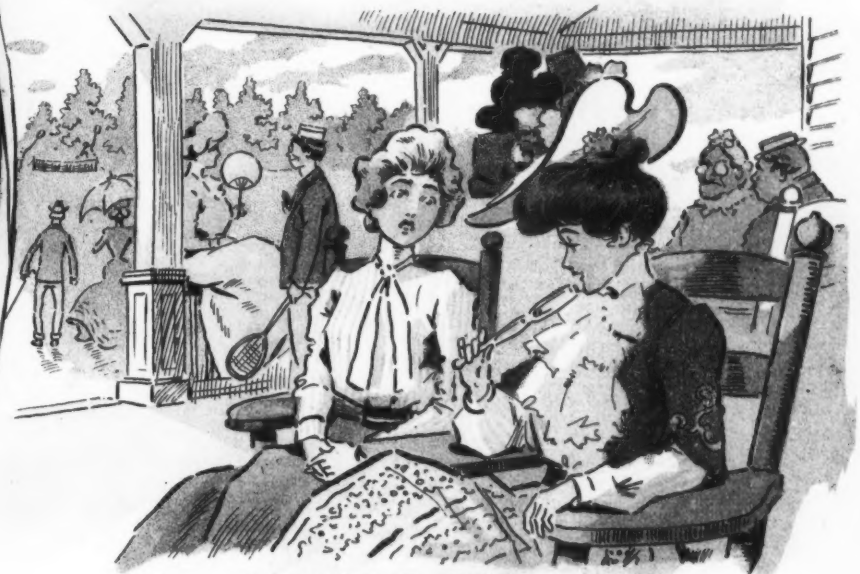
ONLY COMPARABLE EXPERIENCE.

NT SALLY.—Sakes alive! I ain't had a fright since I crossed Broadway!

CARRYING OUT HIS PROGRAMME.

I.
"By Jove! I'll keep on until I hit something!"

II.
(And, having hit something, he stopped.)



THE REGULAR WAY.

ETHEL.—He says he will pine gradually away and die if I refuse him.

EDITH.—Quite likely;—that's the way they die of old age!

FABRICATOR.

Did ye see Chimmy jump outer de way

—an' dat 's de guy said he would n' care I refused him yistiddy!

HIS PRINCIPAL OCCUPATION.

THE GUIDE.—Don't get excited! You need patience to catch fish.

THE FISHERMAN.—Yes; but not to kill mosquitos!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

NGELINE.—
hot one?
ENELOPE.—
no longer,

K'S SUMMER CHOWDER.

A MILLINER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

SWEEPING reductions in horses' hats,
Bonnets, turbans, gypsies and flats;
Fine-trimmed shapes, with a sponge within,
And strings to tie beneath the chin.
Nobby sailors with ribbons wide,
Made to be worn with the ears outside.
An especial bargain for sorrel mares,
Panama straw with a brim that flares;
Another lot turned up in the back,
Just the thing for a weary hack.
Gay little ponies' coquettish capotes,
Smooth fine straws to match bays' glossy coats;
Brown old hats showing signs of age,
Fit for the horse of an avenue stage.
Every kind, all kinds, — great sale to-day, —
Come, horses, come, and buy while ye may!

Carolyn Wells.

HOW IT WAS.

"It was like this," said the prominent citizen of Beaumont, Texas: "They bored the well down three thousand feet without finding oil, and then pulled up the drill and moved off."

"— The stockholders?"

"Oh! They were left in the hole!"

AN EXPERT.

LEM BLOOM.—Hank Tuttle plays a purty good game uv checkers, don't he?

PHILANDER DOLITTLE.—Wa-al, I should say he does! Why, wunst I seen him take twenty-five minutes tew make one move!

THE HOT VARIETY.

MISS MOKINGTON *(loftily)*.—Oh, ya-as! I was in de Pawk takin' de air, dis aftahnoon.

MISS COONLEY.—Takin' de air? He! He! Ob cou'se yo' wuz — I done seen yo' wif Mose Tawkaway.

ONE OF the still unsettled problems is, "At what age does a Summer Girl cease to be a Summer Girl?"

ITS VOLUBILITY.

PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER.—Can that parrot talk?

SALESMAN.—Talk? Why, Ma'am, we call that bird "William Jennings Bryan."

THE ONLY THING WE STAND FOR.

"I tell you," hotly remarked the irate citizen, as he alighted from a Broadway car, "the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is the most soulless and most insolent corporation on the face of the globe! We should n't stand for it!"

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled the irritating idiot. "Of course, we should n't; — but we can't get seats, you know!"

RUSHED.

FIRST MILLIONAIRE.—I 've been frightfully busy this week!

SECOND MILLIONAIRE.—Is that so?

FIRST MILLIONAIRE.—I have n't even had time to give away any money.

IN THE SOUTH.

"Den de committee wanted me to go up to de polls an' offer to vote so dey cud make a test case of dis hyah disfranchisin' law."

"A test case?"

"Yes. But I would n't go, 'case I was skeered it mought turn out to be a coroner's case."

THE NEXT time the Powers loft their respective Chinese spheres of influence, it will doubtless be with more regard for the natural hazards.

WHEN HER first baby is a year old, the average woman would n't be in the least surprised if her city were to have an international exposition in commemoration of the event.

HOW HE KNEW.

SHE.—What leads you to think you are in love with one of the twins?

CHAPPIE.—Why, it worries me because I can't tell them apart.

NON-COMMITTAL.

"Huzza! That looks like bowling!"
"Thou thinkest it skill, then, and not dumb luck?"
"Oh, well, dumb luck may look like bowling!"

BREAKING THE NEWS.

DASHAWAY.—Don't you want to call on Miss Palisade with me again?

CLEVERTON.—She told me the next time I called to come alone.

WOULD BE APPRECIATED.

PROFESSOR.—Some substances, of course, are better conductors of sound than others.

FRIEND.—By the way, Professor, could n't something be devised to conduct the sound of amateur piano practice to some place where it would be appreciated?

VERY TRUE.

SUNNY SOUTH.—De world owes every man a living.
BRAKE O'DAY.—Yes; but it costs more ter collect it dan wot it 's worth.

ADVICE TO AN AMBITIOUS POET.

TAKE an old farm with a field of sweet clover,
Flowery plots and a firmament blue,
Daisy-crowned meadows and larks flying over,
Have a love-scene between Silas and Sue.
Sing without mention of grief or of sadness,
Pleasures of homelife be free to rehearse,
Make the rhymes ring with an echo of gladness,—
Then you 'll have what is styled "newspaper verse."

Take something dreary which you may hang Care on,
Stygian blackness, remorse and regret,
Do not forget to make mention of Charon,
Sing something eerie of ghosts you have met.
Write so no reader can quite catch your meaning,
Let your rhyme go then for better or worse,
Top-heavy stanzas with madness careening,—
Then you 'll have what is styled "magazine verse."

Roy Farrell Greene.

NOTHING MORE.

HE (*watching another couple*).—I should n't wonder if that acquaintance would terminate in an engagement.
SHE.—Yes; I think that will be the end of it!

IN A century or two, as likely as not, the coming of a troupe of gentlemen minstrels will be signalized by every business woman in the place having to go downtown and work on her books that night.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

A FINANCIAL MERRY-GO-ROUND.

"Judy and I got into a terrible tangle shopping to-day."

"How?"

"I owed her ten cents, and borrowed five cents and then fifty cents."

"Well?"

"Then I paid thirty cents for something she bought—"

"Yes?"

"And she paid forty cents for something I bought, and then we treated each other to ice cream soda."

"Well?"

"She says I still owe her a nickel."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TRADE HEALTH Ypsilanti UNDERWEAR MARK

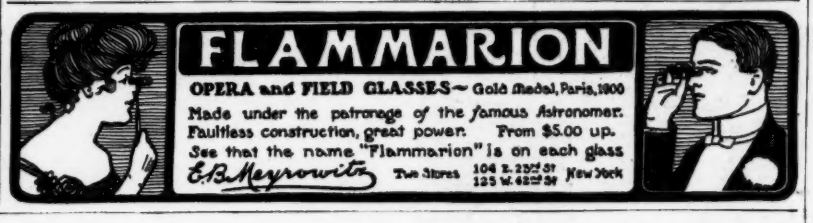
YPSILANTI

Perfect Fitting Health

UNDERWEAR

In all sizes and best materials. At Your Dealers. Send for booklet to the makers.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO. YPSILANTI, MICH.



FLAMMARION

OPERA and FIELD GLASSES—Gold Medal, Paris, 1900

Made under the patronage of the famous Astronomer. Faultless construction, great power. From $5.00 up. See that the name "Flammarion" is on each glass

E. B. Meyrowitz, The Stores 104 E. 23rd St. 125 W. 42nd St. New York

AS TO A MARRIED COUPLE.

"But why does he let her have her own way in everything?"

"Oh! I suppose, because he married her!"

VARTRAY Ginger Ale

Highest Grade. Purest Beverage in the World, as Evidenced by being awarded the

Gold Medal

At the PARIS EXPOSITION of 1900 in Competition against the World, the highest and only award.

Better than Imported:

An AMERICAN PRODUCT

On Sale at Clubs, Hotels, Cafes and by Leading Purveyors.

Made by THE VARTRAY WATER CO., Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Old Overholt

Made just as it was a century ago—Absolutely pure.

Bottled in Bond.

A. Overholt & Co.

PITTSBURG.

Vigorous energy, follows closely upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get them from your druggist or grocer. Refuse substitutes.

Don't think you have drank the ne plus ultra of wines until you have tried *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

A PHILOSOPHER.

WIFE.—There 's a burglar down cellar, Henry.

HUSBAND.—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are upstairs.

WIFE.—But he 'll come up here.

HUSBAND.—Then we 'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely, a ten-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.—*Detroit Free Press.*

YOUR SWEETHEART KNOWS

HOW MUCH BETTER

GUNTHER'S CANDIES

are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices:

½ lb. box finest selected $ .60 3 lb. box finest selected $2.25
2 " " " " 1.50 5 " " " " 3.50

C. F. GUNTHER, 212, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO. Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

HIS WAYS.

"Why do you seem to dislike Mr. Simpson, Mrs. Hopkins?"

"Oh! He 's the man who never comes to your house without pulling up the broken window-shade, sitting in the disabled chair or getting the cracked teacup."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FASTEST FLYERS USE

Hartford Tires

FOR BICYCLES *And* CARRIAGES

The HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

THE experience obtained by the golf caddies will enable them to grow up and become steamboat captains and poll parrot teachers.—*Wash. Post.*

MOLLY.—Is she a good sailor?

CHOLLY.—No; she says it makes her sick to hear me talk about my yacht.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

New York Central's Grand Central Station, CENTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

CHEOPS.—ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

This grand old sentinel of the Hermit Range is one of the most imposing peaks of the many which guard the Illicilliwaet Valley. As one gazes, almost in awe, upon the noble slopes which lead upward to the bare, beetling crags of the summit, the mind is filled with wonder as it realizes that for ages upon ages all this grand scenery, these tremendous mountain wastes, were unknown and unvisited—for even the hardy Kootenay Indian avoided this part of the Selkirk Range. To him it was forbidden ground. Legends handed down to him from the dim and distant past gave the valleys of the Illicilliwaet and Beaver streams an evil name. So for ages the grizzly, the big horn and the caribou held undisputed possession of a region infinitely more beautiful, wild and savage than the Alps.

To-day a three and one-half day run from Montreal over the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway will land you at Glacier. Here as you sip your wine and discuss the entrees you can see the majestic mass of Cheops through the open window; and with a strong glass at your eye may sometimes see the wild creatures of the crag and forest traversing those grassy slopes beneath the rocks, all unconscious of their proximity to a first-rate hotel. The mountains will always be there, but future generations will miss nature's cattle. It is only in these days, when civilization is treading on the heels of savagedom in the Canadian West, that the traveler will see the caribou and big horn from the windows of his parlor-car.

A LURID PICTURE.

Following is a leading question from a sermon preached by a colored exhorter, recently:

"Oh, Me! What you gwine ter do w'en you see de devil comin' in a hailstorm, drivin' a pa'r er white hosses, wid de lightnin' fer reins en de thunder barkin' lak a houn' dog at his heels, an' him kickin' de big hills out his way, en drinkin' up de sea at a mouthful w'en he feel thirsty, en takin' de roun' worl' in his two han's, en pitchin' it at de stars lak hit wuz a base-ball? I ax you, plain en constant, what you gwine ter do en whar you gwine ter stan' w'en de devil do dat?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE BOOMERANG OF BUSINESS.

"Well, has the current of prosperity reached you yet?"

"Oh, yes! I've got so much to do now that I can't get time to do any of it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

Pabst beer is always pure

INTERFERENCES.

When I git time, there 's lots I 'll do,
I 'll work an' work the whole day
through,
I 'll help Dad fix this good ol' farm
An' have things runnin' like a charm.
It fairly does me good to think
Of how I 'll never sleep a wink
Beyond the song-bird's earliest time
That bids me toil—when I get time.

But jes' at present—Goodness Me!
I 've got to stop an' watch the trees
That blossom near an' far away
An' hear the birds that sing all day.
I 've got to pause an' watch the sun
A-twinklin' where the waters run;
I know this loafin' 's 'most a crime,
I 'll stop it—soon as I git time.
—*Washington Star.*

NOTICE, and you will find that your conscience distresses you most about those sins most likely to be found out. —*Atchison Globe.*

IF the people who have money were as clever about finding ways to invest it as we are, who have not, very soon even that which we have would be taken away.—*Indianapolis News.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, }
All kinds of Paper made to order.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

These Faces Show

the difference between Williams' Shaving Soap and other kinds. The lather of most soaps is thin and watery and as soon as it is applied to the face begins to evaporate. It appears full of little pin holes (see face No. 1); the skin becomes hard and dry, the face burns and itches; it's torture to shave with such soap.

The lather of Williams' soap is always thick, moist and creamy (see face No. 2); it softens the beard, makes the skin soft, pliable and velvety, and renders shaving easy and agreeable.

No. 1. No. 2.

Williams' soap is the only kind that "Won't Dry on the Face."

Only firm in the world making a specialty of Shaving Soaps.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
LONDON. PARIS. DRESDEN. SYDNEY.

Colorado

AND RETURN $25.00
UTAH $40.00

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THE OVERLAND LIMITED
Two Nights to Utah.

These two fast trains leave Chicago daily and provide *the best of everything.* Send 4c. stamp for "Colorado Illustrated." Particulars of any agent, or address

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The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

Don't be prejudiced against bottled Cocktails until you have tried the Club brand. No better ingredients can be bought than those used in their mixing. The older they grow the better they are, and will keep perfect in any climate after being opened. You certainly appreciate an old bottle of Punch, Burgundy, Claret, Whiskey or Brandy, why should you not an old bottle of Cocktail? Have you considered it? Seven kinds. All grocers and druggists keep them.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

AN IMPERTINENCE.

"Confucius puts a great deal of wisdom into condensed form," said the student.

"Yes," answered the person who has no reverence whatever; "I take it that if he had only studied dialect a little more he might have been the Josh Billings of the Orient."—*Washington Star.*

ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

MR. SHARPE.—Whatever Vice-President Roosevelt may have to suffer in his office, he is spared a torture that he underwent during the campaign.

MRS. SHARPE.—Torture! Is n't that a pretty strong word?

MR. SHARPE.—Would n't you think it torture to have your teeth drawn every day?—*Harper's Bazar.*

Perfection of 50 Years

Back of each glass of Schlitz Beer there is an experience of fifty years.

In 1848, in a hut, Joseph Schlitz began brewing. Not beer like Schlitz beer of today; but it was honest. It was the best beer an American had ever brewed.

This great brewery today has new methods. A half century has taught us perfection. But our principles are 50 years old; our aims are unaltered. Schlitz beer is still brewed, without regard to expense, according to the best that we know.

We send experts to Bohemia to select for us the best hops in the world.

An owner of the business selects the barley, and buys only the best that grows.

A partner in our concern supervises every stage of the brewing.

Cleanliness is not carried to greater extremes in any kitchen than here.

Purity is made imperative. All beer is cooled in plate glass rooms, in filtered air. Then the beer is filtered. Then it is sterilized, after being bottled and sealed.

We age beer for months in refrigerating rooms before it goes out. Otherwise Schlitz beer would cause biliousness, as common beer does.

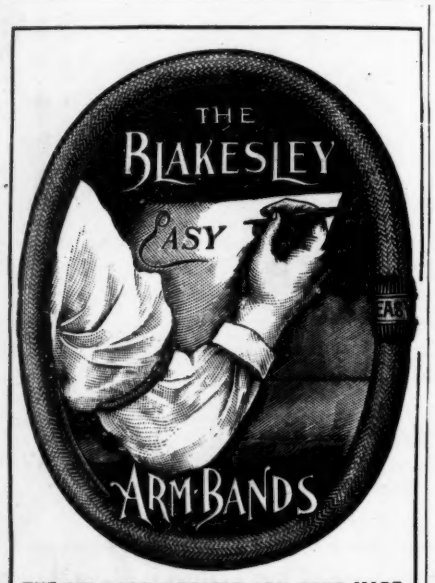
Ask for beer, and you get the beer that best suits your dealer. He may care more for his profit than your health.

Ask for Schlitz, and you get the best beer that the world ever knew.

Schlitz

Ask for the brewery bottling.

J. L. STACK



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DOES NOT BIND THE ARM.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE WORD EASY STAMPED ON BAND.

BLAKESLEY NOVELTY COMPANY,
Manufacturers,
BRISTOL, CONN.

DANGEROUS.

THE TURTLE.—Heavens! One can't be too careful about what one eats.

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

HEAVENS! Suppose it wants to rain, and has forgotten how!—*Atchison Globe.*

America

is fast becoming the wine-making country of the world—

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the only **Gold Medal** winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition—is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price.

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Sole Makers, - - Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.

Turn the bottle upside down 'T won't hurt it
There 's no sediment in

Evans' Ale

The best all around Summer beverage

Any dealer anywhere.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

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Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

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Pure Rye Whiskey

It tastes old because it is old

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Ask for **MARYLAND CLUB**

And see that you get it.

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A Delicate Position.

"It was very embarrassing," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Very embarrassing, indeed! I fear the lady thought me rude; but rather than be suspected of egotism I kept silence."

"What has happened?"

"Our hostess asked me who is the greatest living actor. How could I avoid misinforming her without appearing to indulge in self-praise?"—*Washington Star.*

A DANGEROUS QUESTION.

Casey.—Whoi did Cassidy ivir marry thot widdy woman wid th' tin children?

Murphy.—Shure, Oi dunnaw. Oi 've nivir dared ask him.

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps.
Dr. Siegert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters.

"I feel," said a brakeman, yesterday, "like a nickel's-worth of dirty ice."—*Atchison Globe.*

A Tender Spouse.

Wife.—Here comes a friend of mine. Let 's turn into this side-street until she passes.

Husband.—Quarreled with her?

"No; but I don't wan't you to see her."

"H'm! Why not?"

"I know you will admire that new dress of hers, and it will only worry you to think what a ridiculous fuss you made over the bills for this cheap thing I 've got on."—*New York Weekly.*

"What were the poor fellow's last words at his death?"

"He did n't have any. His wife was at his bedside."—*Norristown Herald.*

"The surest way to close a New York poolroom," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "is to break it open with an ax."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

KEISER BARATHEA

Note label.

There's A Lot

of cotton in most cravattings—not a thread in Keiser-Barathea.

Church.—What is the principal musical instrument in China—the lyre?

Gotham.—No; I believe it is the loot.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When you keep your preacher worrying over his grocery bills you can hardly expect him to feed you with the bread of life.—*Ram's Horn.*

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DIRECT ROUTE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

from the east, south and southeast. Through the "Switzerland of America."

Try a **"Lipton" High Ball**

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The only suspender that gives *absolute* comfort under all conditions.

No strain on wearer's shoulders or on the buttons. Made on the only principle that gives freedom of motion. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings will not rust. Look for **President** on the buckles of the genuine. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,
Box 218, Shirley, Mass.

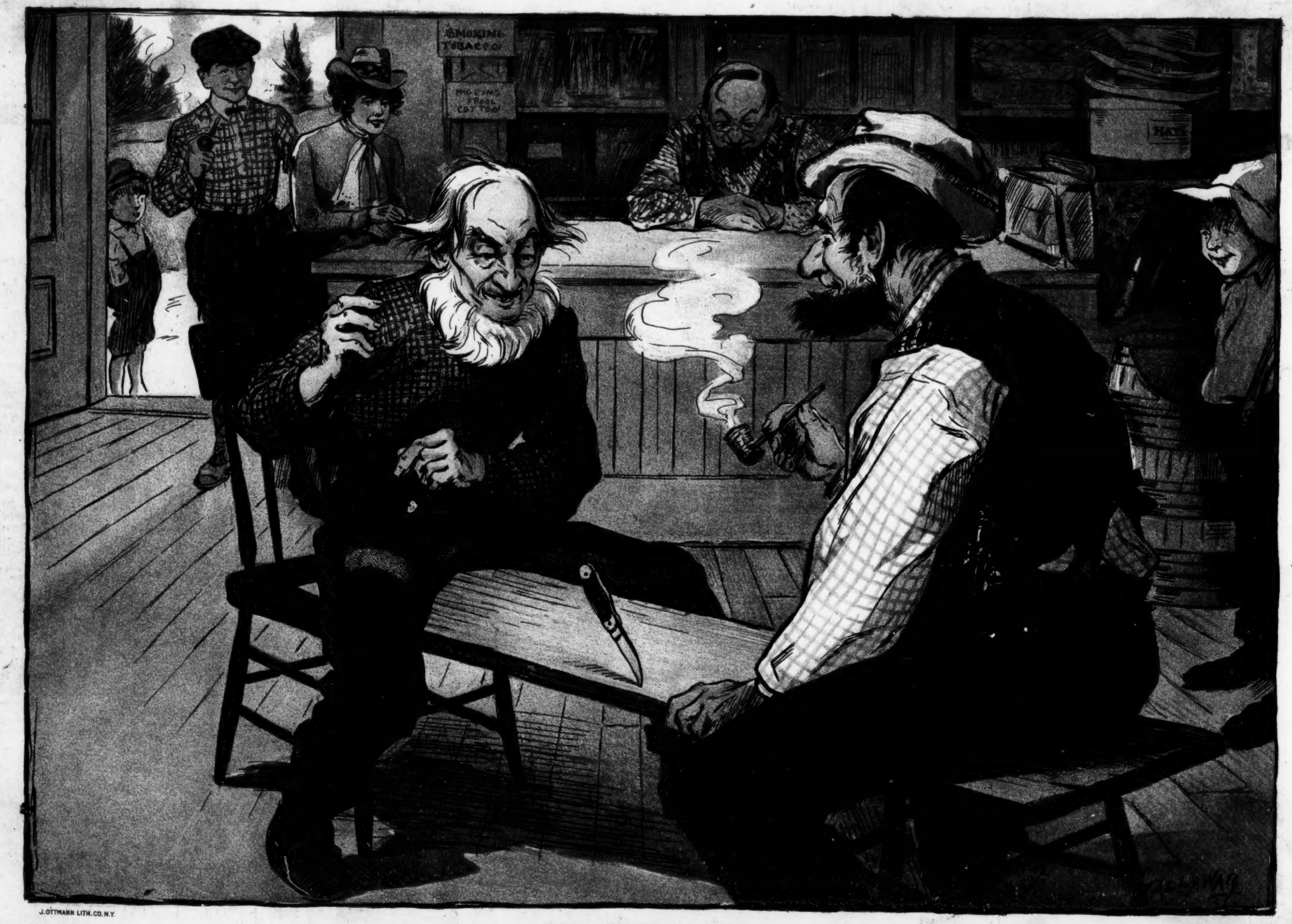
ARE YOU THINKING

where you will spend your Summer outing this year? The many lakes in Illinois and Wisconsin located along the line of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL RY., offer a variety of choice. Good black bass and pickerel fishing is always to be had. For "Glimpses of Summer Resorts" and other illustrated booklets, write Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

WHO LAUGHS LAST.

"I think them city folks is laughin' at you, Silas."
"Oh, never mind! I 'll be watchin' 'em playin' golf one of these days!"